

6th
A
S A T Y R
A G A I N S T
LOVE.

Revis'd and Corrected
By Mr. CONGREVE.

Invidiæ gerit tela Cupido. Sen. Trag.

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SATYR

LOVE

BY M. GONNOR

1701

LONDON

A
S A T Y R
A G A I N S T
L O V E.

AFTER the Rebel *Lucifer* was driv'n,
 With his Apostate Angels down from Heav'n,
 The Great *Jehovah* with unbounded Might,
 Out of a Chaos rude, and void of Light,
 This stately Fabrick to Compose began,
 And then to form that God-like Creature *MAN*:
 Free from all Vice in Paradise he lay,
 Till *Eve's* Temptation forc'd him to obey,
 And for an Apple give that Heav'n away. }
 No faint Perswasions cou'd the Curse remove,
 And sure the Devil that Tempted her was *LOVE*.
 How well her Daughters have pursued her Crimes,
 Witness the Antient, and our modern Times;
 No beaten Tract they of her Foot-steps leave,
 Alike they Ruin, and alike Deceive.

With *Eve* they are Consenting to the Cheat,
 Impose on *Man*, and smile at the Deceit ;
 So our first Parent was of Heav'n bereft,
 And *Love* the only Comfort he had left.

Sure Nature first in anger did 'intend,
 A Plague, nay, even the worst of Plagues to send,
 'Mongst the destructive Race of Humane Kind,
 When *LOVE* she Constituted in the Mind ;
 A peevish Passion that disturbs the Soul,
 And makes a Man a Mad-man, or a Fool,
 The best (at most) but on Success depends,
 And where the Pleasure shou'd begin, it ends.
 The Child of Fancy by Desire nurs'd,
 Cherish'd by Hopes, and by Enjoyment curs'd,
 Whose chiefest Bliss is an uncertain Joy,
 Where that which shou'd preserve it, does destroy.

Then, why is *MAN* its wretched Captive made ?
 And by such fading worthless Joys betray'd ?
 Driv'n like a Wreck by its impetuous Tide,
 Lost to himself, and all the World beside :
 No sooner has he left his Infant Plays,
 The harmless Pastime of his happier days,
 But past a Child is still in Judgment so,
 And studies first what he is not to know :
 On some vain Girl he casts his wanton Eyes,
 And only fears she'll disapprove his Choice ;
 Doubting Success he dares not Speak but Write,
 To shew her that way too, his want of Wit ;

The

The Nymph in Answer having Lov'd before,
 (A reckon'd Virgin, but a real Whore,)
 Advises him to give his Passion o're;
 Yet says, in pity of his Pain she'll Write,
 But 'tis, indeed, that she mayn't lose him quite;
 Thus by false Arts she draws the Youngster in,
 And still holds out the Fort she fain wou'd have him
 Till Conversati^on does the Flame improve, (win;
 And Marriage, or Enjoyment, ends his Love:
 Or else some lewder Harlot is Carrest,
 And plays the Tyrant in his am'rous Breast,
 The charming Syren touches e'ry string,
 To keep his busy Fancy on the Wing,
 Till by her Wiles she binds her Captive fast,
 Soothes him at first, and Bubbles him at last;
 So the young Prodigal impatient grown,
 To manage his entire Estate alone,
 Takes from his prudent Father's frugal care,
 His Stock by that improv'd and thriven there,
 But his own Steward made with eager haste,
 He does the slow-gain'd Patrimony waste;
 Till starv'd by Riot, and with Want oppress'd,
 He feeds with Swine, himself the greater Beast:
 Thus Man in his Destruction does rejoice,
 Pleas'd with his Ruin since it was his Choice,
 Destroy'd by what his Inclination sought,
 As Birds by their frequented Lime-twigs caught.
 Nor does the growing Frenzy here give o're,
 But from one Ill runs head-long into more,

The frantic Passion plays the Tyrant's part,
 And Love's o're-spreading Cancer knaws the Heart,
 Here even the Will's a Slave to Passion made,
 Virtue's debas'd, and Liberty betray'd ;
 No Ills are shun'd that Love invites us to,
 And what is Good forbids the Will to do,
 Till *Man* is by its Mistic power confin'd,
 And to all Dangers, but the *Pleasure*, blind :

Then happy he, happy alike and wise,
 That makes a timely Cov'nant with his Eyes,
 That no false Pleasures can delude his Sence,
 But spends his Life in kind Indifference,
 To his Content I wou'd ev'n Crowns prefer,
 All Nature's Blessings are dilated there,
 No real Happiness in Love can be,
 For where's the Blessing without Liberty?
 Freedom alone has pow'r to ease the Mind,
 The Body's tortur'd when the Soul's confin'd:
 A dread of Heav'n was by the Antients taught,
 As the first impress on Man's infant Thought,
 And he who understood it best has said,
 'Tis the prime step that do's to Wisdom lead :

Sure then the Man avoiding Love's discreet,
 For soon that Folly makes him Heav'n forget,
 Within it's Circle of strange Magic bound,
 Man do's the brighter Worship still confound,
 The fair Inchantress takes up all his Pray'r,
 And all his Heaven is express'd in her;

Nor

Nor can the Lustful Flame be dispossess'd,
 Till Love the Nobler Passions has suppress'd ;
 Th' envenom'd Blood with violent Fury burns,
 And to a thousand different Tortures turns,
 The Tyrant Lust now thro' his Body reigns,
 And now Intemperance burns his glutt'd Veins,
 While in pursuit of a dissembled Joy,
 Man do's his real Happiness destroy :
 Is from his forfeit *Eden* justly driv'n,
 The Curse of Earth, and the Contempt of Heaven.

This strange infectious Poison o' the Mind,
 Has spread it's Venom o're all Humane kind,
 And tho' each Age wou'd it's own Merit prove,
 Childhood is still most prevalent in Love,
 More ruin'd Souls in it's rough Seas are lost
 Than Shipwreck'd Vessels on the *Indian* Coast.

A watchful Parent knows his Child may be
 Quickly deceiv'd by any Fallacy,
 Which to prevent he uses all his Care,
 And bids her of immodest Love beware ;
 In her young days she thinks his Councils good,
 Till active Vigour warms her Virgin Blood,
 Than fir'd with Love, her chaster Thoughts are vain,
 Her whole Desire's raving after Man,
 Often she wishes, and as often cries
Why am I kept from those expected Joys ?
Must I my Days consume in Lonesome Grief ?
Will no kind Lover timely bring Relief ?

But

But stay she says?—
 Where shall I first my blooming Love impart?
 Where yield the Virgin Fortrefs of my Heart?
 Damon and Thyrsis wou'd my Lovers be,
 But Charming Celadon's the Man for me;
 Him, for his Person, I cou'd well approve,
 The Noblest Object of my Infant Love,
 I know not what (when him I see) I feel,
 But strange Disorder do's pursue me still,
 A thrilling Motion does my Breast invade,
 And burning Blushes o're my Cheeks are spread,
 My Heart retorts the Passion of my Eyes,
 And Dances to the Musick of his Voice;
 At ev'ry touch of his I ravish'd grow,
 But if he does presume to kiss me too
 I am I know not what, I know not how:
 Thus she complains, longing to be undone:
 Till Love has Seal'd the Ruin it begun.

All other Pleasures now insipid tast;
 Only Enjoyment can make up the Feast,
 By artful Cunning she the Youth does win,
 And by alluring Smiles she draws him to the Sin:
 The Lover soon regards the am'rous Sign,
 And does in transports his Address begin,
 Fans his warm Sighs into her wanton Breast,
 Bids her Consent, and be for ever blest,
 Vows Constancy, and trembling speaks the rest;
 Till by repeated Extasies she's won,
 Resigns to Love, and is at once undone,

Whose

Whose Tyrant God that held the Fort but now,
Renders it up to the insulting Foe.

Thus even Virtue is by Love betray'd,
And blind Obedience is its Captive made,
The Virgin-treasure watch'd so long in vain;
By careful Parents is surrender'd then;
The fancied Trifle in unchast Desire,
Was kept with pain, and does with pain expire:
And now as thō' her Ruin was design'd,
She like the God of Love himself proves blind,
Sees not the Quick-sand that before her lies,
But does on distant Pleasures cast her Eyes,
For such the Curse of head-strong Love is found,
They hug the Dart that gives 'em the first Wound,
And what she only Long'd to tast before,
She grows insatiate now, and covets more;
All virtuous Actions to its Pow'r submit,
And Love immodest in her Bosom's writ,
Thro' her hot Veins the lustful Fit returns,
And a more fierce and warm Desire burns.

But when forsaken by the Stallion Youth,
She grows a very Fury then in truth,
A true forsaken Child of Love indeed,
Rage and Revenge her past Desires succeed;
Between two mighty Passions now she's torn;
Before, all Love; and, now, all over Scorn;
Wishes him blasted with her hated Breath,
Yet Vows again she'll follow him to Death,

*Curse on the false perfidious Man, she cries,
That cou'd such Arts to confer me devise:
Thus the lost Virgin does her Fate bemoan,
Now rack'd with the same Love she was undone.*

Her Infant Precepts are, at *Twenty*, fled,
And now the Parent thinks her fit to Wed;
Some hopeful Youth of equal Worth is found,
And soon his Suit with glad Success is Crown'd;
The Marriage Articles are next Agreed,
And the Impostor-Virgin sooth'd to Bed;
The am'rous Bridegroom to the Wanton flies,
Who modestly his first Attempt denies;
Again he moves her, she denies again,
Cries, Lord, I never shall endure a Man;
But warmer grown he rushes on the Bride,
And panting now is but with Sighs deny'd,
She yields a little to dissemble more,
Knowing the Part she'd acted once before,
While he, good Man, so pleas'd with what he's done,
Proclaims her Chastity to all the Town,
Thus Love in equal Curses deals its Pow'r,
He's gull'd by the same Fate that ruin'd her.

And now begins the Drudgery of Life,
Oh, the vast Comforts of a loving Wife!
In three Months time the Yoke uneasie grows,
And in three more you're weary of your Spouse:
Then when she's Breeding such a-do is kept,
She's e'en as peevish as an Ape new whipt;

She

She pukes and whines, does nothing but Complain,
 And Vows she'l never know the like again,
 But 'tis as Children promise to be Good,
 Only remember'd while they feel the Rod.

And now the look'd-for time approaches nigh,
 And you've a thousand several *Things* to buy;
 Fine *Twilights*, *China*, and the Lord knows what!
 To keep the Child (perhaps) you never got.
 Thus amply Curs'd he grows discreetly dull,
 And from a Man of Sense becomes a Fool.
 Marriage still makes the Man the greater Slave,
 And then destroys the Pleasures that it gave;
 For *Love* and *Hymen* tho' they Brothers be,
 Even *Cain* and *Abel* did as well agree;
 The Frantick Passion with the Pleasure dies,
 And Liberty is made the Sacrifice.

Curse on the Folly! for I'm angry grown,
 To see so many wilfully Undone,
 Who might, if wise, but with a little pains,
 Struggle with Love, and drop its weighty Chains,
 For he that tamely lets the Passion sieze,
 Makes his own Bonds, and nurses the Disease:
 Beauty, I own, has pow'r to charm the Mind,
 But *Man* (like Love) shou'd be to Beauty blind;
 He shou'd the Blessing ballance with the Price,
 And not too fondly gaze with *Adam's* Eyes,
 Nor for the pleasure of one short-liv'd Day,
 Less than an *Apple*, give his Peace away.

Just

Just like a beauteous Pile (does Man appear,)
 That's sweetly scituate in a healthy Air,
 Whose blest'd Inhabitants no Tumults find,
 To rack the Quiet of a free-born Mind,
 Till wand'ring Fancy has his Peace betray'd,
 And he a fetter'd Slave to Love is made.
 As when a Thief is near a Cottage seen,
 And by the Ruler on't conducted in,
 The Villain Binds and Robs him of his Store,
 And leaves him his ill-tim'd Curtesy to deplore.
 So *Man* by Humane Ignorance misled,
 At once, by Love, is ruin'd and betray'd ;
 He shou'd an Entrance to that Foe deny,
 And guard with prudence Native Liberty.

Love, not contented with his Bow alone,
 Has more destructive Instruments than one,
 The subtle Fair to catch her easy Prize,
 Makes all her Charms as killing as her Eyes ;
 No help of Art, or Industry, she'll want,
 No Beauty Washes, or improving Paint :
 Her Toilet is with Nature's wants supply'd,
 And ev'ry fading Grace is rectify'd ;
 An Air of Softness from her Looks arise,
 And am'rous Glances wanton in her Eyes,
 A jaunty Motion's practis'd in her Glass,
 And Smiles are try'd which best will fit her Face,
 Thus deck'd in all her Charms the Wanton flies,
 To catch the first kind Coxcomb that she sees.

So

So the fond Crowd are Caught by gay Attire,
 The only *Thing* indeed they shou'd admire.
 Viewing the Sun they not the Danger see,
 But blindly run into Captivity;
 For where Love's Torments rack the Mind within,
 No Rocks nor Quick-sands from without are seen,
 Till on some dangerous Shelf the Youth is tost,
 And in the Harbour of his Joys is lost:
 Then fly (as from Infection) the Deceit,
 A Bait for Boys, the Wiser know the Cheat.
 And that the Oracle too true does prove,
 That thus pronounc'd the ill Effects of Love:

*Num'rous as Athos Hares, or Hyblas Swarms,
 Or Olive-Berries on the loaded Tree,
 Or as the Shells, or Sands, are Love's Allarms,
 Abounding still with Fear and Misery.*

For still this Fear all Lovers entertain,
 Lest all their Love shou'd meet unjust Disdain.
 Of happy Lovers no Record can boast,
 Their Bliss was Counterfeit, or short at most;
 Or if (at best) they unsuccessful prove,
 They linger out a whining Age of Love;
 The wand'ring Thoughts unsettled Motion shews,
 Love is a Tide that either Ebbs or Flows.

How peaceful is the Man? And how secure?
 Whom Love and Beauty never cou'd allure?
 No more it shall my cheated Fancy please,
 Whose Pow'r can give but one short Minute's ease.

Ye awful Powers that sway those Realms above,
Who are transform'd to the sublimest Love,
How well I Lov'd ye know, yet Lov'd in vain?
Without just Cause, of her unjust Disdain?
Love's Little God shot his infernal Dart,
And left the Poison raging at my Heart;
From Part to Part insensibly he stole,
Till the sly Tyrant had subdu'd the Whole;
A sacred Flame my restless Soul possess'd,
And no less Heat reign'd in my am'rous Breast;
By gentle Steps I made my Passion known,
And Love and Nature bid me still go on;
The Lovely Maid, my Ravisher of Peace,
Receiv'd that Love she slighted by degrees,
Too oft she did with Hypocritic Art,
In her dissembled Looks, bely her Heart,
Her faithless Love was practic'd with deceit,
And her false Smiles were all a varnish'd Cheat;
Yet I Lov'd on, and still her Truth believ'd,
Till she her Faith, and my lost Hopes, deceiv'd.
Then (tho' too late) my Error did appear,
For I no treachery imagin'd there,
Where so much Beauty, and such Softness dwelt,
Till I of Love the Gail and Anguish felt;
Then was I wont when Care drove sleep away,
Pregnant with thought to watch the dawning Day;
Quitting my Bed, and ranging o're the Town,
I mov'd as Chance and Reason led me on;
Till weary grown, I found my self at last,
Beneath her Window like a Statue plac'd;

A while my Breast with fresh Remembrance burn'd,
 Till captiv'd Reason's interval return'd. (sent,
 T'ward Heaven my Pray'rs, and some last Sighs were
 To call my wandring heart from Banishment;
 But still I pray'd, still spent my Sighs in vain,
 Each but return'd with an augmenting pain,
 The Cause was mov'd but the Effects remain'd:
 Till Time's improving hand had wrought the cure,
 And happier Beauties made my Peace secure.
 And since by fraud her falsity I knew,
 To Love, and Her, I've bid a last adieu.
 My Heart now got from its long Bondage free,
 And reinthron'd to Native Liberty,
 I rove about like Birds from distant Trees,
 Chuse out my Mate, and sing but where I please.
 So the glad Steed when from the Harness freed,
 Runs Neighing on to wanton in the Mead:
 For, O! 'tis pleasant to be Free to Chuse,
 And whom we will accept, and whom refuse;
 Freedom of Choice endures, Restraint but ill,
 'Tis Usurpation of th' unbounded Will,
 To be most Happy, is to be most Free,
 Man's chiefest Blessing is his Liberty,
 Go then and trust Love's tempting Seas that will,
 I am resolv'd I'll be a Wand'rer still.
 On even Terms I'll with each Fair agree,
 But never trust her with my Liberty.

F I N I S.

Collected by
Bennett
in the
year 1812

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 And hence by stand her fallacy I knew,
 To Love and Her, I've bid a last adieu.
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 'Tis Limitation of the unbounded Will,
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FINIS